Spirit of Christmas

The cold blew in from out
the tree, still covered in snow
Pulled through the door
Like a brush
In the neck of a bottle
Releasing the smell
Of Christmas air.

“Is that Christmas Spirit?”
My daughter replied.
I looked surprised
Her eyes opened wide.

This posed the question.
Where exactly does the
Spirit of Christmas
Reside?

“Is she in that
first tear of gift wrap?
Is it she
Who makes me gasp
with surprise?”

“Or what about the blast
from the north wind?
You know, that funny chap
who I played on school stage
and who brings winter snap?”

Is she?
“The Cracker?
The Spicy Pud?
The Mulled Wine?
Chocolate?
If that is her
Then she is *DEVINE*”

“And don’t forget the
Candle flame
I sometimes see a lady,
shimmering inside.”

In bewildered reply
“I really don’t know
where she resides”

“What about the lights?”
I said, as I put her to bed,
“the figment of the filament
could be her, bringing a glow
to your sleepy eyes”

“Sleep tight.....
It will soon be Christmas time.
Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz”

The years rolled by
My daughter, now
with old age in her eyes
She still ponders the role
Of Christmas Spirit
And where she resides

On the beach
One Christmas Day
In search of three ships
I followed in her footsteps.
I never leave her side
From the Other Side

I sent the Spirit of Christmas
To meet her this day
On the beach laced with snow

My daughter then asked
“Spirit of Christmas,
where do you reside?

The Christmas Spirit
Looked amused, shimmered,
giggled and smiled.
“Where do I reside? My dear!
That’s for you to decide”

She then gave her cheer,
good will and a smile.
Then vanished
In the blink of an eye.